

The Matinee Girl's Idol, on the Stage and in Real Life.



"Here is a picture of Mr. Ratcliffe in 'The Fatal Card.' He has just had a stage quarrel with lovely Amy Busby."

THIS is a story for matinee girls. It is the story of an actor with brown eyes—oh, such tender brown eyes—and a hero's chin, firm, handsome, and a lover's mustache.

It is the story of a stage idol—the story of a brute. On the stage an angel, at home a demon.

Girls, have any of you ever raved over handsome Mr. Ratcliffe? Has he disturbed your dreams to any extent? Have you mingled your tears with your caramels when you have listened to his pleading voice in a love story?

Such things are only natural, after all, for on the stage Mr. Ratcliffe is an actor. At home?—well, look at the pictures and judge for yourselves.



"Here is Mr. Ratcliffe in 'Americans Abroad.' He is sneering coldly. Note his square jaw—the jaw which the girls worship. It is most naturally brutal now."

"Cheer! but Chimmie's a heart," says the Bowers girl of her love; "when he punches me in the eye I think de top o' me head is comin' off. He's a peach, and de more he hicks me de better I love him."

Such things are hard to conceive, but they are easily within the limits of a woman's worshipping nature. But be careful whom you worship. Oh girl of the matinee, on the stage an actor carries out the loftiest sentiments of the human mind. Off the stage he is the real thing. He has nobody's brain to rely upon but his own; and an actor's brain off the stage is like a jelly dish out of water—all bitterness and muckage. Here is a picture of Mr. Ratcliffe in "The Fatal Card." He has just had a stage



"This picture shows Mr. Ratcliffe in the play of 'Two Little Vagrants.' He is in a bad humor—a defiant humor. You can tell it by his projecting jaw, which now resembles that of a bulldog. George Fawcett is despoiling him of a revolver. Pretty soon Mr. Ratcliffe will say: 'Kearsies on you—you have me in your power.'"

W. W. Astor's California Big Tree Dinner Table.

Mr. Astor, of London, has Imported a Bit of a California Redwood 16 ft. 6 in. in Diameter, and 20 Tons in Weight.



Sequoia Sempervirens. It is true that the Astor dining table is cut from a tree of fair size for a tree of this species. Not often do the trees of the coast counties grow taller than 270 feet, or greater in diameter than eighteen feet. Yet, down in the Santa Cruz Mountains, only four or five hours' ride from San Francisco, there is a stump of a tree that is a ballroom floor, on which twenty couples can dance. Mr. Astor might make another wager and import a ship load of ballroom, all in one cross section of redwood.

Then there are the redwoods of the Sierra Nevadas, known scientifically as Sequoia Gigantea. They are far bigger than any of the redwoods of the coast. One example, called the Fallen Giant, has lain upon the ground for centuries. At a distance of 300 feet from the base the diameter of this tree is eighteen feet, one foot and half a foot wider than the polished table that is going all the way to England to prove the great millionaire's word. At the height of the American Tract Society building that tree trunk was eighteen feet through.



his redwood tree, he could have taken his pick of a dozen or so of the biggest trees in the world.

The Astor slice of tree is a nice enough piece of wood, considered apart from the question of the bet. In addition to being over sixteen feet in diameter, it is two feet in thickness and beautifully polished on top. It is now on its way across the ocean on the German ship Marie Heckfeld. It will be set up at Oliveden and, doubtless, forty noble and aristocratic Britons will dine at it. While doing so, they will probably be engaged industriously but surreptitiously, in looking for the joints.

But it is necessary to explain how small this particular redwood is. It would have been comparatively easy, however, for Mr. Astor to obtain a section thirty feet in diameter.

In California there are two kinds of redwood trees. The Astor section comes from the coast forests, from Humboldt, a county that contains enough property in standing trees to pay the national debt, providing they could all be sold at current prices for lumber. These redwoods of the coast are of the variety called

quarrel with lovely Amy Busby. Note the pleading look in Miss Busby's eyes and the world of trouble in Mr. Ratcliffe's. This is not the way he acts in a real quarrel. His brow is as corrugated as the elbow joint of a stovepipe, and he looks grieved. If it were a real quarrel he might have his fingers twisted in Miss Busby's hair.

On the opposite side of the page you may see Mr. Ratcliffe in a real quarrel. How different it is. He is not acting now. He is in deadly earnest, because the woman is not so strong as he. The woman is not an actress or one of his matinee girl worshippers. It is his wife.

Read what a servant of Mr. Ratcliffe has sworn to. It will afford a charming comparison with Mr. Ratcliffe's life.

"I served dinner and both sat down to the table. While I was clearing off the table he went over to her and took her by the throat and told her to sit down on a chair. Then he took her by the hair and dashed her against the clock."

But pshaw! What do matinee girls care for little trivialities like this? He is so handsome, you know. "Well, I don't care anyhow," they say; "he's just as lovely as he can be."

"It would have been comparatively easy, however, for Mr. Astor to obtain a section 30 feet in diameter."



The Coach and Four Driving Through the Tree Gives You an Idea What a Sequoia Gigantea Really Is.

He Will Use It as a Dinner Table and Sit Forty English "Nobs" Around It, in Order to Win His Wager.

Mr. Ratcliffe, Actor and Husband ---A Contrast.



"Here you may see Mr. Ratcliffe in a real quarrel. How different it is. He is not acting now. The woman is not an actress or one of his matinee girl worshippers. It is his wife."

—you have me in your power," and the matinee girls will throw fits and worship.

In the last picture Mr. Ratcliffe is depicted by the artist in the act of kicking his wife. Note what the servant girl has sworn to about it: "He then took her by the hair of the head. She fell under the table on the floor. Then he kicked her several times."

Oh, god of the matinee, to whom the pretty girls pray, what a lofty nature is yours.

In his affidavit regarding the condition of Mrs. Ratcliffe, Dr. Frederick A. Lyons, of No. 50 East Sixty-third street, says:

"On June 15 I was called to attend Alice Ratcliffe at No. 104 West Seventy-seventh street. I found her in a delicate condition and suffering from symptoms which led me to fear trouble, for which I treated her. I found one side of her face swollen and



"Mr. Ratcliffe is at home. The servant swears: Mrs. Ratcliffe got up off the floor. As she did so he caught her and threw her against the gas bracket. Her head struck it. He then grabbed her by the hair of the head."

contused and painful. There were various marks on both arms, on the back, the hips, thighs and abdomen, some of them large and very painful, having the appearance of being two or three days old.

"They were, in my opinion, produced by kicks or blows and done with much force. I consider her condition dangerous. There were about a dozen different contusions from blows."

The back of one of the trees in the Calaveras grove, was stripped for a distance of 110 feet and was exhibited in London, set up as though it were a part of a living tree. It was taken from a tree ninety feet in girth and 321 feet high, nearly as tall as the Waldorf and the new Astoria, piled one on top of the other. Mr. Astor's Waldorf Hotel is a squat thing compared to a good California tree.

The New Netherlands Hotel is fairly tall for a building, 220 feet, but if a Sequoia Gigantea from the Calaveras grove, or the Mariposa grove, or the Tulare grove, were rising out of Central Park, opposite the hotel, you would look upward from the roof of the New Netherlands almost as far as to the top of the tree as you would look downward to the base.

Mr. Astor should advise those sceptical gentlemen who know oaks, but have faint knowledge of redwoods, to take a trip to America. They should see the Mariposa grove and the Calaveras grove, and then the grove near Kaweah, in Tulare County, California. If they wish to measure the girth of the tallest tree in the last grove they will need at least one hundred feet of string.

Here is another picture of Mr. Ratcliffe in "Americans Abroad." In this illustration he is boldly defying Herbert Kelsey. He is sneering coldly. The picture fits him well. Note his square jaw—the jaw which the girls worship. It is most naturally brutal now. Looking at it one could almost believe he could hit a woman instead of only hauling her around by the hair.

In the next picture Mr. Ratcliffe may once more be seen in his home circle apparently enjoying himself according to his lights. But read an extract from the affidavit of the servant girl previously quoted:

"Mrs. Ratcliffe got up off the floor. As she did so he caught her and threw her up against the gas bracket. Her head struck it. He then grabbed her by the hair of the head."

This picture shows Mr. Ratcliffe in the play of the "Two Little Vagrants." He is in a bad humor—a defiant humor. You can tell it by his projecting jaw, which now resembles that of a bulldog. He is signing a check. George Fawcett is despoiling him of a revolver. Pretty soon Mr. Ratcliffe will say: "Kearsies on you

"Five hours' ride from San Francisco there is a stump of a tree that is a ballroom floor, on which 20 couples can dance."



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